FOLD TO A SUN CORRESPONDENT

IN THE HAVANA JAIL. Shocking Persecutions That Were the Penalty of Repulsing the Advances of One of Wey-ler's Lieutenants—The Charges of Conspirne) Benied-Her Beauty and Her Courage.

Although much has been written about Miss Evangelina Cossio Cisneros, I think it will still of interest to know the story of her wrongs as taken from her own lips when I met her in the Havana jail, where I was imprisoned. She ca. e to that prison on May 23, 1897, with thirteen companions, suffering imprisonment on different charges in the Casa de Recogidas, and had come to the Court House in the jail to testify before their respective Judges.

The latter had met that morning to review the pending cases. It is the rule in the Span ish procedure, either civil or military, that every three months there shall be a general review of prisoners, as it is styled, in which all the prisoners are made to appear before a ial tribunal, formed, if military, of all the Judge-Advocates, under the Presidency of the General commanding the district. Before that special tribunal the prisoner is asked if he has ny complaints to make against the Judges for delays or breaches of formalities in the procoodings. If any complaint is made and it is found reasonable, the Judge is admonished by the President and urged to attend to the matter at once. Miss Cisneros thus came to make her complaint of negligence against her Judge, who had had her case in hand for eleven months and had not come to a decision. I saw her when she appeared before the tribunal, and could not help admiring the courage and firmness with which she protested her innocence and requested a prompt examination of her case, in order to put a stop to her sufferings in the awful situation in which she was placed. Her pleadings were of no avail then, and no atwas paid to them, as is proved by the fact that she remained three months more in the wretched place before her condition was ameliorated, thanks to the noble and generous efforts of American women in their stirring appeal to the Queen Regent of Spain.

I was presented to Miss Cisneros by one of my companions, for I had no acquaintance with her previous to my incarceration, and was very anxious to know her, having heard so ch about her. Miss Cisneros and her friends had arrived early in the morning in a closed van. escorted by the police. Inside the building they were not allowed to minule with the rest of the prisoners, but were placed in a sort of vestibule, close to the door, fenced on all sides with heavy fron bars, which gave it the appearance of a cage. As she was not permitted to receive her friends, I had to speak to her through the bars during the time she remained in the jail, which

was about a couple of hours. My first impressions of Miss Claneros were of wonder and admiration at her delicate beauty. No words can fitly describe her. Her large eyes, veiled with long, soft lashes, and her drooping gaze give to her whole face an expres-sion of great candor and innocence. She has a mass of long, wavy, black hair, a small and per fect oval face, dazzling white teeth, a small oman nose of the purest type, a dimpled chin of great beauty, and a white, fair complexion, She is small of stature, rather below the medium height, and slim in proportion. Her voice has soft musical ringing tone delightful to hear. She was neatly dressed in black, and for ornaments had only a pair of cheap earrings and her gold engagement ring.

She told me her tale in a plain and modest manner. And when I heard from her, in timed phrases, the story of her woes and sufferings l felt an intense sensation of pity and sorrow for the frail and lovely creature I was looking at through the iron bars, still suffering the hardof her terrible ordeal. If I did not have the absolute evidence of the facts before me I would never have believed that any of my countrymen could ever have so far forgotten the aditional chivalrous spirit of our ancestors and the high respect and devotion we have always feit for women in general as to treat an innocent girl in such a way and persecute her so

Although I was well acquainted with all the facts in connection with her case, I did not let the occasion pass without asking her, for my own satisfaction, if there was any truth in the story, which everybody knew in Havana. She confirmed it to me in every respect.

"When my father was arrested in the month of May, 1896, on the charge of aiding and abet. ting in the rebellion, and without any trial or hearing was sent exiled to the penal settlement of the Isle of Pines," she said, "I thought it but natural, as a faithful, dutiful, and loving daugh ter to follow his footsteps, and accompany him requested permission from the Civil Governor, Senor Porrus, who after many pleadings and with great reluctance granted me the favor. Once on the island, through the mediation of some good friends I found there, I succeeded in obtaining from Senor Menendez, who was then Governor of the place, permission to withdraw my father from the rest of the prisoners sentences for all sorts of common erimes, and have him to live with me. With our little savings we took a small but decent-looking house in the main street of the town of Nu eva Gerona, which is the seat of government of the island, and there peacefully lived until

"From the outset I noticed with a certain alarm that Berriz was trying by every conceivable means to attract my attention by parading in the front of our home in his full regimentals, with his breast covered with flashing dec ms, and a big sword dangling at his side. At first he was only courteous and polite, but is seems that vexed by the indifference with which I received his compliments—for I had been informed of his treacherous wiles and bad reputation-he adopted bolder tactics, and addressed me a passionate letter, couched in the most loving terms, with assurances of his protection to my father and me, finally inviting me to his house, saying I could give as an excuse that I had gone to plead for my father. It is needless to describe the indignation I felt when reading the offensive missive, and I spurned it with contempt. This made him desperate, so resorted to the base and cowardly means of wreaking his vengeance on my poor father, a helpless and innocent victim of his wrath. He first had him arrested and locked up in the se. Moved with compassion at the condition of my aged father, his fellow prisoners pleaded with Berriz for him, but he would not listen to them, and told them that I must make with Berriz for him, but he would not him a personal request. I took courage and went to him. After saying that he could refuse me nothing, Berriz ordered my father released at once.

"Things went smoothly for some time until I received another of his insinuating letters in which this time he hinted that my father would be exiled to Chafarinas, the penal colony in Africa. My slarm can easily be imagined. I went to see him at once, and received the assurance from him that my father would be placed at liberty, and expressed the hope that I would return to express him my gratitude.

"On July 26 my father was again arrested and taken to an unknown place. It was late that night, and I was sitting at the window wondering where my father was, when I heard the footsteps of a man approaching. The door was opened and I found myself alone in the presence of Berriz. I raised a loud cry for help, upon which he jumped at me; but no sooner had as laid his hands on me than he was violently seized, and after much struggling was finally pinioned to a chair. After recovering from the shock I looked up to see who were my deliverers, and found they were some friends who had rushed to my assistance on hearing my cries. My friends were so indignant at the dastardly assault made on me that they decided to kill Berris outright. I averted this by appealing for his life, fearing the terrible consequences it must bring. While we were discussing the point it was amazing to see how that man acted. He even cried with fear, and begged us to have mercy and spare his life, promising that nothing would be done to us if we would let him go, and asking pardon for what he had done. But when he saw that my friend Vargus would not

CISNEROS'S STORY, listen to my entreaties, he became desperate my house a group of guerrillas, who were pa trolling the streets. As we were unarmed we were unable to make any resistance, and we had to abandon the house as fast as we could Poor Vargas was captured when jumping over the rear fence, and after being dragged to the street was killed on the spot. Other persons who were simply looking on and had nothing to do with the affair, were taken for conspira tors, and shot without mercy. Twelve of them perished thus. The guerrillas, in order to create the impression that there was an upris ing in the town, raised the cry of 'Cuba Libret' themselves, and began firing right and left a everybody found about the house.

"I managed to escape out of the town, and re mained in hiding in a cave until 5 o'clock the next morning, when I was discovered by the soldiers, who bound my arms behind my back and took me to the town, where I was locked up in a calabosa. Other persons (over 200), who were entirely ignorant of the affair, had been arrested that night, and were awaiting trans portation to Havana. The next day, July 28 in the afternoon, they were all chained together and placed on the steamer which was to carry them to Batabano on the mainland. I was also bound and escorted to the steamer. way we suffered terribly, as we were hadly for and had very little water to drink. On the road from Batabano we were constantly insulted by the guerrillas, in whose hands we were placed, and who threatened to kill us if the train was fired upon. We arrived at Havana at 1:30 P. M. the next day, and under the escort of a couple of policemen I was conducted to the Casa de Recojidas. [This is the house of cor rection for disreputable women.]

"My experience in the place beggars descrip tion. It is too borrible to detail. Fortunately, when I arrived there I met several ladies of dis tinction who received me with great kindness, and cheered and comforted me in my misfor tune. When I arrived there was no distinct tion made of classes or colors, and we were all mixed up, to the extent that once it was ordered that we should do the scrubbing and cleaning as well as the rest of them. This we flatly re fused to do, and on this account we were in sulted and pelted with all sorts of missiles, un til the police arrived and put a stop to the dis turbance. This affray created some excitement in Havana, and the papers taking up the case an investigation was ordered, and the result was that since then we have been placed in sep arate quarters and have enjoyed better ac commodations than before.

"If on any occasion you should write about my case I wish you would make it clearly and distinctly understood that the charge of con spiracy, and, worse still, that of enticing Berris to my home, to get rid of him, is a deliberate falsehood on the part of Berriz and his sup-

porters to hide their cowardice and misdoings. Such were Miss Cisneros's words at parting when she left the jail. As I was unable to follow her case on account of my detention, I am not prepared to make any statement of the facts concerning her trial. Nevertheless, it would not surprise me if the Fiscal had reall; demanded a twenty years' sentence in Ceuta for her. But I cannot believe the Judge-Advocate would have enforced the sentence, nor that she would have actually been exiled to that ter rible penal settlement in Africa. Her case was too well known in Havana, and they would no have dared to take such harsh measures with her after so many persons had interested them selves in her behalf. Foremost among her friends and the first to interest herself in Miss Cisneros's behalf I must mention Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, the noble wife of the American Consul-General at Havana, who nearly a year ago, when she heard of the fright ful condition in which Miss Cisneros was placed at once hurried and with the greatest tude assisted her in such a way as to make her life in that jail more bearable ever since. also on different occasions called on the Marquis de Ahumada, the second in command in the island, and her entreaties were the means of ameliorating the condition of the establishment. A committee was ordered to in vestigate Mrs. Lee's complaints, and this resulted in the separation of the political prison ers from the common criminals. Another per on who has interested himself considerably in Miss Cisneros's behalf in Havana is the Bishop, and I have been assured that his repeated requests in the girl's favor were the cause of his rupture with Weyler and the coolness which still exists between the two. EDUARDO GARCIA.

BOISE'S COVENANT WITH GOD. A Queer Document Signed by a New Englands

More Than 150 Years Ago. From the Springfield Republican Enos W. Bolse, Town Clerk of Blandford, has his possession an interesting document, now vellow with age, but with ink clear and in a reparkably legible hand, which purports to be a covenant with God drawn by David Boise, one of Mr. Boise's ancestors. The covenant is dated April 18, 1738, and was clearly a work of great noment with its author. He was evidently in mood of great doubt as to his salvation and the result of his errors, and in a period of religious fervor sat himself down and wrote out his state of mind. It cannot be learned that such covenants were the usual custom with the men of those days, and this document of Mr. Boise's is a curiosity. Its spelling is not exactly that of to-day, and there are other pecularities in the capitalization and the like. The

ovenant reads as follows:

"Eternal Jehovah I desier to com unto thee s poor Wretched sinner a miserabl Cretur who am full of sin and injouity Defiled in all the powrs and facquilties of both soul and body by reason of original sin and actual transgression and am justly Liable unto thy wrath and Disple asur not only in this World but also in that wnich is to Come and that I Can by no powr of min own nor no Created being Either angels or men Can help me out of this miserabl Con-dition in which I am and seeing thou hast made known to me in thy Blessed name that there is a way provided for the relief and recovery of poor Sinners in and throug Jesus Christ and hath been pleased to Condecend so Low as to make known to me the way how to obtain the pardon of my sins and be again restored unto Gods favour and the way is if ever I Expect Gods favour and the way is if ever 1 Expect Salvation in and through the blessed redeemer Jeaus Christ I must be Denied to my self and all min own righteousness and to Accent of him as he is freely offred in the Gospel and to be for thee and never for another and to follow thee trough goo! report and Bad report and to Continue faithfull unto my lifs end.

"and now o Lord the eternal God the Wonderful Condecending and meritfull God the heart searching and reintrieng God who hath been pleased of thy boundies and infinit mercy to provid Such a way of reilf in and through Jesus Christ the only Saviour and redeemer of poor Lost and undon Sinners and hast made proclamation in the Gospel that whoseever Cometh to thee in and through him thou will in noways Cast out and hast invited the weary and heavy laddu Sinner to Com unto thee and they Shall find rest unto their Soule and seeing o Lord God thou hast been pleased to invit Such a poor Wretched Sinner as 1 am to Com and enter into Cvenant with thee who Deserveth rather to be cast into hell for my sins then to have such a kind offer made unto me; yet O Lord God seeing thou art pleased of thy infinit mercy to Condecend so Low as to invit me poor Sinfull misarabl me to Com and Enter into Cvenant with thee; which would have indeed Been unperdonable presumption in me to have attempted to do were it not that thou had invited me to Com. I Do hartly imbrace the offer Lord God Let it be a Bargin Lord I Belive help my unteilf Lord I give my self to thee to be for thee and to serve thee for ever Lord let thy grace be sufficient for me and now o Lord my request and my petition is to thee for Grace to help me to perform this Covenant and any old this Covenant: now o Lord God what I have now don on Earth let it be ratified in heaven amen and amen.

"David Boles." Salvation in and through the blessed redeemer

Eleven Inches of Hang. From the Louisville Disputch.

From the Louisville Dispatch.

Jim Stevenson, a negro aged about 20 years, residing in Lexington, but who was born at North Middletown, Bourbon county, has the most enormous hand in the world, probably, and he says he was born that way. His right hand is eleven inches long from the joint of the wrist to the end of the middle finger, and the thumb and fingers about four inches in circumference. His thumb nall is as big as a half dollar. The two last fingers are of normal size. The thumb and index finger of the left hand are about double normal size.

LIFE IN CUBAN HOSPITALS.

ANXIETTES AND SUPPRINGS OF BICK AND WOUNDED FATHIOTS.

AN EXPANDED FATHIOTS.

AND WOUNDED FATHIOTS.

WOWNING WOUNDED FATHIOTS.

AND WOUNDED FATHIOTS.

NO MONDED FATHIOT

been unmolested; but unfortunately it is not the same in the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, and Matanzas, where they are constantly raided. During the time of Martinez Campos only one hospital was destroyed, and that was done by Gen. Salcedo in the province of Santiago do Cuba but he was severely reprimanded by Campos, who never countenanced

I went once to a hospital in the province of Matanzas with the intention of visiting a sick friend, and I shall never forget how sadly was impressed by what I saw there. With a written order from Gen. Gomez and accompanied by eight cavalry soldiers, I was skirting the woods in which I knew the hospital to be attempting to find the rigia, or watchman, whose duty is to be on the lookout and give the alarm when any Spanish forces appear in the neighborhood, and also to receive the wounder when they are brought to the hospital.

We had twice passed the same place withou neeting any one and I was beginning to fear that the hospital had been raided or removed to another place when I heard a whistle and looking in the direction whence it came was unable to see any one, but one of my men told me to look up a tree, where I saw the man hidden among the branches. Riding to where he was I informed him of what I wanted and showed him the order of Gen. Gomez. On reading it he said he would take me alone, but not with all my men, as it was strictly forbidden to take visitors to the hospital. He also told me that he had seen us come and pass by him, but not being sure if we were Cubans or Spanish guerrilleros he did not signal to us until he was convinced who we were. I left my horse in charge of my men, and allowing him to take the lead I followed.

He took me through little paths, under bushes, over rocks, and I could notice by the changing directions of the sun that he was walking in circles so as to confuse me in regard to the loca-tion of the hospital. I could not help admirtion of the hospital. I could not help admiring his precaution even after having read the General's orders. In about fifteen minutes he halted and imitating the cooing of the cameo (a species of wild dove) awaited the answer to his signal. When it came we continued and a little distance ahead met two other guards. These took charge of me and the vivia returned to his place. We had walked about a quarter of a mile when I heard a strange noise in the bushes shead of us, and looking in the direction whence it came saw two jiburos (wild dogs that infest the woods of Cubai running away. On reaching the place where they had been I beheld a sickening sight; they were feasting on the leg of a soldier that had been amputated in the hospital, not tar off, and, owing to the lack of suitable implements, had not been properly buried and had been dug up by them. A feeling of sadness overcame me at such a sight, and as we continued our march, leaving the leg there, I could not but help saying to my two guides: "All these sacrifices for Cuba Libre!"

In a few moments more we arrived at the

by them. A peace of such as a sole and up by them. A few march, leaving the log files." All these sacrifices for Cuba Libre!" Suides: "All these sacrifices for Cuba Libre!" In a few moments more we arrived at the hospital. It was in charge of Dr. Herminio Cculino, a very bright and promising physician and quite a talented pianist. I still remember that on asking him that day how he enjoyed his life in la Manigua he told me that the only thing he really missed was his piano. About two months ago he was murdered in a hospital in Hemedios with several women and Cubans. The personnel of the hospital the day I arrived there consisted of four women, who were the nurses, and six armed men, whose duty it was to keep a watch for the Spanish soldiers and bring food and water for the sick. The food consisted of smoked jutias (Capromys Purn. erd, the Cuban opossum, which are very numerous, sweet potatoes, yams, honey, and fruits. Sometimes fresh meat was obtainable.

There were twenty-four wounded soldiers and among them my friend, Carlos Rodriguez, whom I had come to see, who died a few days later. The sick soldiers lived in small huts made of yagrua and guano, the bark and isses of the palm tree. Of these huts there was a source of worriment and anxiety to them, lying on the rustle making, and maide of them, lying on the rustle making, and maide of them, lying on the rustle making, and maide of them, lying on the rustle making the continual erds and half-maked bodies of the sick on the maided and half-maked bodies of the sick on the maided and half-maked bodies of the sick on them, and each time the guards arrived in the camp all eyes were inquiringly turned to them to ascertain if they brought bad news, and when shots were heard in the distance, as often happened, all were on the qui cire, expecting at every moment to see the guerrileros appear in the camp like a pack of wolves. To such a place were sick and wounded men sent to be cured!

On looking around me I could not but help noticing how much nature thad done in Cu

being attacked by four dogs while in a hospital near Calimete.

Quite a number of doctors, nurses, and hundreds of sick soldiers have been murdered in the hospitals since the beginning of the war. As a rule the Spaniards, after they raid the hospitals, set fire to everything to hide or obliterate their crimes, but as murder will out the details of several cases are well known, among which may be mentioned the following, with the number of the victims:

Dr. Gonzalo Roig, Matanzas—Three women and twelve wounded soldiers.

Dr. Herminio Ceulino, Remedios—Five women, two children, tand twenty-two wounded soldiers.

Dr. Miguel Bacellee, Matanzas—Three

br. Miguel Bacallao, Matanzas—Eighteen wounded soldiers and several male nurses. Dr. Bacallao was captured alive, but when discovered to be the doctor was tortured to death and then backed to pieces.

wounded soliders and several male nurses. Dr. Hacallao was captured alive, but when discovered to be the doctor was tortured to death and then hacked to pieces.

I do not pretend to mention or enumerate the number of cases where one or two men have been found sick and wounded and have been killed, as that is something of daily occurrence. Not more than a month ago a young man well known in New York and Havana, where he was connected with the best Cuban families, met his death in such a manner not far from Havana. I refer to Domingo Del Monte. Having had one of his legs amputated, owing to a wound, he was being carried from place to place. One day he was left in a small woods with two men to take care of him. He was discovered by the Spanish soldiers, who killed him and reported his death as if in battle. I know of many cases of terrible experiences endured in solitude in the woods of Cuba by wounded and sick men, but none perhaps is sadder or more cruel than the case of Pablo Silva, a young man whom I knew. Heing wounded in several places and paralytic, owing to one of the wounds, which injured his spine, he was given in charge to a pacifico (a coun'ry man) to be taken care of. The man refused to have him in his house, as that meant death to him and his family if discovered there by the Spaniands, so he hid him in the woods about a mile away, and once a day at dusk he would go to take to him food and water. Owing to his paralytic condition he could not move from his hammock, which had to be tied very high up, because the wild dogs came at night to attack him. Maggots got into his wounds this is a frequent occurrence in Cuba in all wounds in men and animals, if not properly covered with phenicated vaseline, and his condition growing deily from bad to worse, he was advised by the pacifico to let the Spaniards know that he wished to present himself to them. This Siiva refused to do, asyling that he preferred to die rather than submit to the Spaniards.

from bad to worse, he was advised by the pacifico to let the Spaniards know that he wished to present himself to them. This Siva refused to do, saying that he preferred to die rather than submit to the Spaniards. The pacifico, thinking, probably, that it was better for him to give the information, went to the village of Cascajales, not far off, and informed a Spaniard, a friend of Silva, of the poor man's condition and whereabouts.

The Spaniard asked the Captain of the guerrillas to go and get him. They went to Silva and when they saw his pittful condition he was killed to save the trouble of carrying him. Silva's friend, although a Spaniard, was indignant at the barbarity of the guerrilleros and owing to his protestations was compelled to abandon Cascajales. The pacifico had to take to the woods to save his life; he joined the insurgent forces, and it was from him I learned the details of this sad story.

The Spaniards say they have a Red Cros Society but the only persons to whom this society gives its services are the Spanish soldlers; if they find a wounded Cuban they turn him over to the authorities, as happened to Braullo Laza, who was executed in the Fortrees of La Cabana on May 4, 1896, with his wounds not yet healed and hardly able to walk to execution.

The well-known Cuban surgeon Casuso of Havana was put in prison for tendering his services to a wounded Cuban who came for treatment into the city, and Dr. Plifia is serving a twenty years' sentence for the same offence. It is useless to comment upon these acts of the Spanish Government, as they speak for themselves, but the Spaniards are constantly talking of their hidalquia; Spain is called by them la generosa y noble Espana, and the Americans whom they despise and prices of bacon; yet in what page of the history of the civil war of this country can be found a chapter in which the "mercenary Yankees" murdered the wounded Confederates, and what historian of that great war has depicted such deeds of butcheries and barbarities as are daily perpetrated i

Honoré François Lainé. Great Winning on 18 at Monte Carlo.

Great Winning on 18 at Mente Carle.

Prom the Boston Herald.

A private letter from Monte Carlo recounts an extraordinary run of luck made by one of the players, an American girl, at a roulette table. She went there merely to see the gambling of which she had heard so much, and, becoming excited, obtained permission from her escort to venture one gold piece and one only. If she lost it, she would play no more. If she won, she would play with her winnings until they were gone.

She placed the coin on No. 13, and the turn of the wheel was in her favor. Her escort entered into an animated argument with her to take wha; she had gained and to be content with her experience. She reminded him of the terms of their agreement, and while the controversy was going on the croupler gave another turn to the wheel, which, when it stopped, showed the same number as winner. As her money had remained on the table, it was increased thirty-fold. Again urged to remove her gains and to cease playing, she became an gry, and left the money on the same number, with the intention of losing it. Once more the ball stopped at the same number; but as thad already come up three times nobody played it.

Barely Saved from a Serrible Pate.

Barely Saved from a Herrible Pate.

Prom the Philadelphia Record.

Shenandoah, Pa., Aug. 29.—While ex-Supervisor McGuire's two children, aged 5 and 6 years, were playing in the back yard of the family residence in the outskirts of this city last evening there was a sudden caving in of the surface, and both little ones had a narrow escape from being swallowed up in the mines. The surface sank gradually and large fissures appeared. The children, in their hurry to escape, stumbled and fell into one of the holes, two feet wide and five feet deep.

They were being slowly covered with earth and were sinking into the mines, when their cries attracted the attention of Daniel Gebris, a neighbor. He rushed to the scene of distress and sprang into the fissure. With some difficulty he extracted both children and made good his own escape, just as the surface gave a lurch and the children remained a minute longer in their perilous position they would have been crushed to death. The surface sank nearly eight feet.

a capital that is practically unlimited. No one knows the amount.

The Jews have obtained all this wealth and preminence in spite of ostracism, persecution, and restrictions of many kinds. When Anselm Rothschild was born in Frankfort what was known as the Judengasse was separated from the rest of the city by high walls and heavy gates, which were shut at nightfall and kept closed until sunrise. On Sundays they were never opened. Goethe, who was a native of Frankfort, gives a graphic description of the Judengasse, with its filth and squalor and stenches, to which the nerves of its inhabitants had been deadened by long familiarity with the polsome atmosphere. The walls of the Judengasse were destroyed by Kleber's army in 1798. In 1872 the whole district was conlemned as a nuisance by the sanitary authorities, and cleared out, except a single row of oldfashioned houses, which date from the fifteenth century, and were the homes of the ancestors of he richest and most influential citizens.

The Jewish population of the city is now from 35,000 to 40,000, about 10 per cent. of the total. They monopolize the banking business, they own and occupy the most sumptuous residences, they have the choicest boxes at the opera, their horses and carriage are the smartest to be seen in the parks and boulevards, and they buy the most costly pictures. They have society of their own indifferent to the jealousy and scorp of the poorer portion of the population who profess the Christian faith. The ancestors of the Frankfort Jews came

rom Palestine, Turkey, and Spain to escape persecution in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and officenth centuries, and became the serfs of the Emperor of Germany, who accorded them protection in exchange for a fixed tribute which went into his private purse. In 1349 Charles IV., being pressed for funds, mortraged his Jews to the municipality of Frankfort for £80,000. The sum was never repaid, and thus the inhabitants of the Judengasse passed under the control of the City Council, which selected a swampy and unhealthful spot on the margin of the town, where they were obliged to reside, and exacted from them a certain portion of their earnings, or sold their at so much a month. The Jews who controlled their own time and talent paid dearly for that privilege, but were shrewd enough to make a profit and advance themselves, slowly but surely. They were not allowed to use the sidewalk, but were compelled to travel with cattle and carts in the middle of the street. They were compelled to wear a distinctive dress. Every male Jew had a patch of yellow cloth upon his breast, and every woman wore blue and white stripes. They were allowed only one name.

The man who lived in 52 Judengasse, which was known as "the house of the red shield" be-

was known as "the house of the red shield" be-cause of a sign which the occupant placed over its door, was called Anselm. its door, was called Anselm.

The original Anselm was a dealer in old coins and curiosities. He married and had a boy who was called Mayer Anselm in order to distinguish him from his father. He was sent to a rabbi relative to be educated, and afterward got a place in the bank, where he developed remarkable business talent. When his father died be came home, took his house, his trade prospered, became influential among his race, gained the respect of Christians as well as Jews, and was called Anselm of the Red Shield, or Yon Rothschild.

gained the respect of Christians as well as Jews, and was called Anseim of the Red Shield, or Von Rothschild.

But his fame was only local until he made the acquaintance of Baron von Estroff, then Landgrave of Hesse, who was a coin collector, and sent for Anselm one day to make some purchases. When the latter arrived the Baron was enkaged in a game of chess and could not be disturbed. The Jew stood and watched the play. The Baron was checked, it seemed, hopelessly, and, turning to the Jew, he said:

"Do you play chess!"
"Sometimes," was the answer.

"What would you do if you were in my fix!"
The Jew modestly pointed out a move which the Baron accepted and followed his advice through the rest of a game that was soon won. After that Anselm spent a wood deal of time playing chess with the Landgrave, who prided himself on his ability to heat every one of his subjects. The Baron and the coin merchant thus became great friends, and there was considerable business between them in the way of loans and discounts. It was Baron von Estroff who sent 16,500 Hessian soldiers to America After that Ancelm spent a cood deal of time shiftered on his childry to less hellify to less creery more this subtests. The Baron and the coin merchant in the state of the st

TOLD OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

STORIES FROM THE HOME OF THE FAMILY OF BANKERS.

The Financial Representative of Nations and Memorchs—Its Members All Work is Warmony, Intermary, and Increase in Wealth.

From the Chicago Record.

Frankfort owes its importance to the Jows, and chiefly to the Rothschild family. It is one of the finest cities in Europe, and is the richest city in the world for its population, although of late Berlin has taken considerable business away and has become the centre of international banking relations. There are still 174 banks in Frankfort to a population of 238,000, which is one bank to every 1,300 persons. Some of the banks have a capital of 75,000,000 or 80, 000,000 marks. Several have over 50,000,000 marks. Institutions like the Rothschilds have a capital that is practically unlimited. No one

well, and to his wise and frugal wife is due much of the success of his sons.

She survived him for many years, and died in 1849, at the age of 96. Novithstanding the filt and discomferts of the Judengamen. She survived him for many years, and died in 1849, at the age of 96. Novithstanding the filt and discomferts of the Judengamen. She survived him for many years, and died in 1849, at the age of 96. Novithstanding the filt and discomferts of the Judengamen. She survived him for many years, and died in 1849, at the age of 96. Novithstanding the filt and discomferts of the Judengamen. She survived him for many years, and died in 1849, at the age of 96. Novithstanding the filt and discomferts of the Judengamen. She survived him for many years, and died in 1849, at the age of 96. Novithstanding the filt and discomfert of the Judengamen. No entreaty or inducement offered by her cons coul

ANSELM MAYER PREIHERR VON ROTHSCHILD.

The tomb is a casket of spotless marble, and covered with a pall that is beautifully carved The tomb is a casket of spotless marble, and is covered with a ball that is beautifully carved. Upon one side is the red shield which has been adopted as the crest of the family, and on the other side an inscribtion in Hebrew. The wife lies near by, and on each tomb were a lot of little gray pebbles, which indicate that they had been visited recently by members of the family. Each stone marks a visit.

The Rothschilds have done a great deal for Frankfort in the way of benevolence as well as business, and it is the custom of the family to distribute a large sum of money among the deserving poor of their sect annually upon the Jewish New Year. The most conspicuous of their benevolences is a public library, which occupies the former residence of Carl Mayer Rothschild, and was founded by his daughter several years ago.

Rothschild, and several years ago.

The banking business of the family is conducted in the same old fashioned building it The banking business of the family is conducted in the same old-fashioned building it has occupied ever since the firm was established in the early part of this century. It is situated where once stood the gate of the Judengasse, on the boundary line between the Jewish and the Christian cities. Everything about it is strikingly plain and old-fashioned. There are no carpets on the floor, and the desks and finishings are of pine instead of the mahogany that you find in the newer banking houses of the city. There is an air of severity and frugality about the place. The calculations of the clerks are made on the backs of old envelopes, and they still use lamps and candles instead of gas and electric light. Most of the employees are members of the family. The boys of the Paris and London branches come to Frankfort to begin their business career and learn lessons in industry, accuracy, and fidelity, and they generally serve a term in each branch of the firm in order that they may know the peculiar conditions and surroundings.

The business is conducted with great secrecy. Nobody knows anything about it, and therefore there is a great deal of conjecture and gossip. Some years ago one of the employees of the house who was not related to the family was a defaulter for a large sum of money. He was not punished and not even prosecuted, because it was said the members of the firm feared they would be called upon to give evidence concerning their business relations if they took him into court, and it would cost them a great deal more money to have their transactions exposed than the defalcation amounted to.

GLACIERS GIVE UP THEIR DEAD. The Latest Instance Is the Becovery of Arkwright's Hedy After 81 Years. From the Chicago Post.

The news has been received from Geneva. witzerland, that the body of Capt. Henry Arkwright, buried under an avalanche Oct. 13. 1866, has been recovered. It was found almost two miles below the place where the intrepid Englishman lost his life, and was in the main well preserved. It had been hurled by the avalanche into a crevasse of the glacier, and had moved down the mountain side with that creeping giant of the Alps until it was restored at the melting edge of the ice. The feet and head are lost. They were doubtless ground away by the resistless crushing of the glacier in its movement. But the rest of the body is perfect. Identification is complete. The hands are preserved. The right hand is remarkably lifelike and natural in appearance. Even the red tint of blood is preserved in that member. In the pocket of the gray wantcoat of the fashion of thirty years ago was found a blue-bordered white handkerchief quite as good as new. Capt. Arkwright's initials are embroidered in the corner. There is a gold stud in the linen collar, and a larger stud in the shirt front with a small diamond star in the centre. Among the trinkets taken from the pockets was a silver cigarette case. The gold watch is entirely uninjured. With the chain it was found near the body, evidently having been dragged away in the slow movement of the glacter. An inquest was at once held by the Justice of the Peace, the Mayor, a doctor, and the local gendarmes. The remains were buried at Chamounix, awaiting orders from England if any of Cant. Arkwright's rejuitives or fronts. fect. Identification is complete. The hands the local gendarmes. The remains were buried at Chamounix, awaiting orders from England of any of Capt. Arkwright's relatives or friends

can be found.

The story of Capt. Arkwright's death is one of the most thrilling in the annals of Mont Blane adventure. He had been an adde-de camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was a scholar to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireiand, was a scholar and also a traveller. But he was quite unused to Alp climbing. At 5:30 o'clock on the morn-ing of Oct. 13, 1866, he, with his guide, Michel Simond, two porters named François and Joseph Tournier, and accompanied by Silvain Couttet of the Pierre Pointue and a servant—the latter

Ginciers, he discovered the bodies of two of the others and gave them burial. While he was still pursuing his search another avalanche descended and the last trace of the missing Englishman was lost.

Michael Payott, one of the porters, who was living last year, was awarded the "medaille d'honneur" and a diploma by the Ministry of the Interior for his conduct on the occasion. But every book of travel gives "bad guiding" as the cause of the lamentable accident.

In his "Tramp Abroad" Mark Twain gives a serious account of the loss of Capt. Arkwright—one of the few serious passages in the book. It may be remembered that in the same volume the author relates how, learning that this apparently stationary field of ice was really moving down to the valley of the Rhine, and desiring down to the valley of the Rhine, and desiring to visit that valley, he went out with his baggage, took a position on the glacier, and waited for it to deliver him at the r-verside. But the truth is as his tale indicates. The glaciers, added to at the summit by perpetual condensation and freezing of the vapors that rise from the valley, press downward with mountainous weight. There is no support beneath. The foot of the glacier is in the warm valley, and is perpetually melting.

The pressure from above crowds down the miles and miles of ice, in many places hundreds of feet in thickness, and it slides downward imperceptibly but surely. Here and there the inequalities of the rocky track over which it noves cause the glacier to bend and there the inequalities of the rocky track over which it noves cause the glacier to be and and even break into crevasses. A number of adventurous Alpicimbers have been hurled into these crevases. In three cases it was impossible to find them, and the bodies have been delivered—one after twenty-five years—at the melting point or the verge of the glacier below.

But none has ever remained conden was horrified to learn of the terrible accident. The news came just at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Ru

THE CHEROKEE PILGRIMS

RESTUCKY A BIT NERPOUS ABOUT ITS INDIAN VISITORS. Saspicion That the Cherokees May He Com-

ing in Search of Treasure Instead of to be Monor to the Memory of Their Great Chief -Traditions About Old Indian Mounca. RUSSELLVILLE, Ky., Sept. 4. - Since it was announced that a large party of Cherokee braves were coming here from the Indian Territory in November on a pilgrimage to the grave of their great chief, Wahotanah, a good deal of apprehension has been felt by the citizens. They do not relish the idea of such an incursion, although the Indians are to be under the charge of Capt. Raleigh of the United States Army.

It is now recalled that another pilgrimage

was made here by members of the same tribe about seventy-five years ago. A few old city zens remember hearing their parents speak of the matter. At that time it was supposed that the Indians were in search of a buried treasure. To this day there exists a tradition that when the Memphis branch of the Louisville and Nashwills Railroad was built through Logan county stones were uncovered on the top of which were chiselled rude arrows pointing in a retain direction. These arrows were interpreted by a wandering Indian to mean that the Indians had buried a treasure in the neighborhood and left the marks to point out the loca tion. There is a story that some years ago an old man discovered the spot pointed out by these marks, and digging down into the ground found an artificial cavern, which he explored for some distance, whose walls were marked be arrows; but if any treasure was found there no one is the wiser.

The grave of Wahotanah is supposed to be in well-known Indian mound not far from the junction of Pedee Creek with Muddy River. This mound is twenty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide, and eight or ten feet high. It lies east and west, and, being located on a perfectly level bit of ground, is plainly the work of hands. It is now overgrown with shrubbery, and near the eastern end is a maple tree at least two feet in diameter and possibly 150 years old, showing that it was planted there or grew up soon after the burial of Wahotanah, in 1749. The mound is full of relies; in ided, the whole country round about is a storehouse of arrawheads, pipes, sucars and other stone instruments. Judge A. C. Finley, who has given the local history of this State a great deal of s said in speaking of the visit of the Indine:

said in speaking of the visit of the Indi ne:

"I know of a great number of Indian mounds in the northern portion of the county. This territory belonged to the Shawnees up to 1714, in which year they were driven out and ther lands taken possession of by the Cherokees. It would seem, therefore, that if these mounds were built by the Cherokees they were created subsequent to 1714, which would sarrie with the tradition that Wahotanah was killed in battle in 1719. These mounds about the country of the cherokees they were received and the country of the cherokees they were created as the cherokees they were they were they were they were the cherokees they were subsequent to 1714, which would agree with the tradition that Wahotanah was killed in battle in 1749. These mounds should not be confounded with those of the prehistoric mounds builders, some of which may be seen on Mote's Lick Creek in this county. The difference is plain to any observer. From one of these prehistoric mounds were taken, in my presence some years ago, portions of a skeleton which must have belonged to a man at least ten feet high and large in proportion. The jawbone, when placed over the face of an ordinary man, extended beyond the back of the head, and a bone of the leg, from the ankle to the knee, when placed by the leg of a man with his shoes on, reached six inches above his knee. The Wisconsin Historical Society exhumed these roles, and now has them in its possession. I have no doubt that the Indian mounds here would yield some very interesting relies if they should be opened. My opinion is that the return of the Cherokees is rather to obtain treasure which they believe the tomb contains than to do honor to the memory of Wahotanah."

An inspection of this particular mound shows that it has been the burial place of hundreds, perhaps of thousands of individuals. Discing a few inches below the surface suffices to bring up portions of skeletons in large numbers. The children of neighboring farms have for years made collections of these relies. The mound has never been explored by antiquarians or other investigators.

The first intimation that the Indians proposed

made collections of these relies. The mound has never been explored by antiquarians or other investigators.

The first intimation that the Indians proposed paying the visit was when their scout arrived here a couple of weeks ago. An old negro was returning late one afternoon from fishing on Muddy River when he was overtaken by a man, who questioned him as to the location of the mound. They were then within less than 200 yards of the spot, and the scout was trying to locate it by means of a chart. The old man was somewhat startled by the questions, but as he knew the location of the mound he conducted the stranger thither. He says the scout was copper-colored, but tasked like an educated man and was quite communicative. The scout said that his tribe expected to take up their march from their reservation about Sept. 20, and would arrive here between Nov. I and 3. The stout was well dressed and in civilized garb, but had no hesitation in saying that he was an Indian, which was apparent from his color and high cheek bones. What became of him is not known, but it is supposed be left as soon as he located the mound.

Some of the people in Logan county are per-

the mound.

Some of the people in Logan county are nervous enough to petition Gov. Bradley to have
the Indians restrained from making their visit,
but it is not likely that this will be done.

BOWERS'S CARNIFOROUS HORSE. From the Kansas City Journal.

This is a story of a horse owned in Kansai City that has developed a fondness for fresh meat, and has allowed that taste to get away so far with his judgment that recently he ate a number of chickens he found in a coop and topped off his feast with a litter of bull pups for single meal.

The horse is a large roan, 7 years old, owned by Lee Bowers, produce commission man at 415 Walnut street. The horse is driven over the city hitched to one of Mr. Bowers's wagons each day. So far as his willingness to work is concerned, he is a model, but when his taster are concerned he is a monster. The animal was bought four years ago from Capt. Tough at the stockyards barns. He was one of a shipment from Brown county, Kan. He weighs about 1.500 pounds and is a handsome, sleek fellow,

stockyards barns. He was one of a shipment from Brown county, Kan. He weighs about 1.500 nounds and is a handsome, sleek fellow, strong of limb and bright eyed.

He has been driven since coming into Mr. Bowers's possession by Martin Ackerman, who says that he can puli more and longer and behave better than any other horse in the city. There is one other strange thing about the animal. He will not allow a man to strike him. No matter what he does or who attempts it the man who hits him has to fly for his life. A few days since Ackerman struck the horse with a stick in putting him in the barn. The dow was a tap, not intended for punishment, but it made the big fellow mad. He turned and came learning at the man, who barely had time to get out of his way. For five minutes the animal kept charging about the barn half crazed with a desire to get at the man who hit him. Finally he was quieted and went to his stall alone.

The strange habits of the horse were discovered first by his driver. One morning the wagna was driven down to the dock at Armour's packing house to unload some poulity. A butcher's wagon was standing by Frankthat is the name of the borse—caught an altractive odor on the breeze and hunsed about in the cart. He found a nice steak which he devoured with a few guibs, and then middle out a long string of bologma sausage, and act with every show of satisfaction. The fact that it was well seasoned with able bedier garlied did not operate to prevent the thorough mastication of it.

The performance of the horse served to guite disguist the driver, and the act was told to Mr. Howers when the horse was driven back to the house. While they were discussing the did social rence they saw the horse bite off the head of a chicken that was in a coop on the was since that time he has not been driven near butchers' carts or coops of fowls.

Each day since, hivever, the men have fed the horse half a dozen brade of chickens and three bull pups that were sheep in the stall learned, Frank is the only horse in the city his i

covered and the others rescued. It were the property of one of Mr. Howe playees, George Her, who has never be to forzive the animal, as the pune were aghting family and worth a lot of more lorse was Just closing his feast with 12 pup when he was found. Since that the been fed with chicken heads and other i fresh meat to keep his carnivorous taste.

The Biggest Monthful.

The alligator has a large mouth, but it can't begin to bite off at a mouthful as much as the modern steam dredge can. When the lips of this machine close together they take in a number of cubic yards of mud at once, amounting to some tons in weight; no doubt, the biggest mouthful taken by anything, in these days, and mate or inanimate.